THE

WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

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His piercing eyes appear to view
Superior worlds, and look all nature through.

AT our laſt meeting I put the queſtion to my friend Arthur, whether there were any real advantages in literature, and if it had promoted the happineſs of man. He replied, as nearly as I can recollect, as follows.

In this part of the world, where the attainments of the mind are ſo much looked for, people are generally deſpiſed if they have not taken the advantage of that genius which nature has implanted in us, for the wiſe purpoſe of ſtudying her works, and of knowing ourſelves; or if we have not improved our minds by the ideas and reſearches of thoſe who have proceeded further in the arts and ſciences. With ſuch guides, man is enabled to proceed through life without meeting with many impediments in the acquiſition of knowledge, which otherwiſe would greatly retard his progreſs. Example and precept are before us, and the advantages or diſadvantages are clearly pointed out. Books elevate and enlarge the mind, by exciting the attention to the wonders of nature, and the actions of great men; they ſtore it with the ideas of all who have gone before us, and call into action the faculties of the underſtanding. The pleaſures which ariſe from theſe performances are ſuch as we ſeldom otherwiſe feel, and which urge us ſtill forward in the purſuit. Aurelius had a juſt taſte and value of theſe pleaſures, when he ſaid he would not part with the little he had learned for all the world beſide. This ſentiment from a Roman emperor, ſhews that knowledge is more congenial and delightful to the human mind, than all the ſplendour of a royal life. Can the mind thus conſcious of its own

ſources of pleaſure, neglect to employ itſelf in acquiring that knowledge, which literature ſupplies to form its ideas? When our minds are cloſed in ignorance, our ideas are illiberal and harſh; unacquainted with ſcience, we have not the ability of refreſhing ourſelves with, or of taſting thoſe enjoyments, which God has ſo profuſely poured around us, to ſweeten the bitterneſs of life. But the man of letters taſtes the real joys of life. He makes his repaſt on the labours of others; he never finds his time hang heavy on his hands. He can regulate his actions according to his conceptions; and he can vary his pleaſures according to his inclination.

With pleaſure I am enabled to ſpeak on this ſubject, and reflect that I have ſpent the time in ſo uſeful and agreeable a manner, which many of the companions of my youth employ in various ſcenes of diſſipation. I am by theſe enabled to tranſfer my ideas to the diſtant parts of the earth, and view its various inhabitants and productions; nay, I can let my mind looſe, and rove through the unbounded expanſe of creation. Liberality of mind, one of the moſt uſeful virtues which man can poſſeſs, generally attends a love of literature, for by a communication of ideas the underſtanding is opened, and the clouds of prejudice, the certain attendant of ignorance, are diſpelled. But learning could not be promoted without the aid of ſomething to tranſfer the ideas of one man to another. Books therefore are the vehicles of knowledge; it is by their means that the preſent age is more ſolicitous about the cultivation of the mind, and is more enlightened, than former ages. By reading them when young we ſtore our minds with a variety of precepts and ideas, which will be of the greateſt advantage when the underſtanding comes to maturity.

Learning adds to a refinement of language, taſte and elegance, wit and humour, and opens to the imagination a vaſt ſcene for its improvement. In company it affords a variety of intereſting ſubjects of converſation, fluency of ſpeech, propriety of ſtyle, and beauty of expreſſion and deſcription. Theſe are accompliſhments of the firſt rank, as they are ſo often called into uſe, and make a man capable of encreaſing the happineſs of every one around him, by his agreeable manner of ſpending that leiſure which would otherwiſe be burdenſome. What a pleaſure is it to be ſitting at our eaſe, and at the ſame time with a few choice friends, at the expence of ſome weary traveller or induſtrious philoſopher, contemplate diſtant countries, foreign views and cities, or tranſactions of diſtant ages and nations! Theſe contemplations of nature and mankind, give the mind a ſenſibility of feeling unknown to the ignorant; and as the poet ſays,

——" Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himſelf

Hold

Hold converſe, grow familiar day by day
With his conceptions, act upon his plan,
And form to his the reliſh of their ſouls."

We may therefore quickly be convinced of the importance of literary attainments, and that the time we employ in the improvement of the mind is infinitely better employed than in the uſual frivolous diverſions. I know people who when they have an hour or two to ſpare from their reſpective employments, are at a total loſs how to occupy the time. They ſaunter about, unable to procure the leaſt relief from the reſources of the mind. Had they when young ſpent a portion of their time in uſeful ſtudies, they would at ſuch periods of leiſure experience a real ſatisfaction and never-failing amuſement, in the contemplation of thoſe ſtores of knowledge with which their minds were furniſhed. They would then be able to ſupport the loſs of company, and diſcover the charms of ſolitude.

An examination and compariſon of ſeveral perſons' ideas on the ſame ſubject, likewiſe enables us to form more correct opinions and ſentiments than we could merely by our own judgment. Thus I have conſidered the ſubject, and given my ſentiments of it, in the manner in which the narrow limits of a converſation will admit. There are many points which I have left untouched, but theſe are ſufficient to bring me to the concluſion, that literature has proved of great ſervice to man, and has materially tended to his immediate and future happineſs.

I profeſſed myſelf nearly of my friend's opinion; but allowing many advantages to literature, I queſtioned whether it is a means of increaſing our real happineſs. In ſupport of this opinion I might bring the examples of many learned characters, who, by attending to the cultivation of the mind, have brought it to ſuch a ſuſceptibility of feeling as to be liable to many diſtreſſes to which the unlearned are ſtrangers. But I ſhall ſay no more, leaſt I ſhould appear an enemy to the cauſe for which I firſt ventured this paper before the public, and as one who wants again to reſtore the age of Gothic darkneſs. All the knowledge I have is at the ſervice of my readers, and remembering what Pope ſays,

" Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
For the worſt avarice is that of ſenſe,"

I ſhall employ my talents and my leiſure, in endeavouring to improve the minds of thoſe who (if any ſuch) have leſs than myſelf.

The YOUNG DANE.

(Concluded from Page 666.)

IN a ſhort time a ſhip was provided, and every thing being ready for departure, old Thomas, accompanied by the captain and William, conducted Peter to the beach, where the intereſting group diſperſed. The affectionate interchange of ſmiles and ſighs amply ſupplied the want of words, and heart-felt tears gave pathos to dumb expreſſion.

Peter was ſoon on board; he waved his hat, while his father on the beach anſwered the farewell ſignal, and bade an adieu to his darling boy.

A favouring gale carried the veſſel rapidly along, and Thomas returned to his cottage. In a very ſhort time the ſhip paſſed by the village, when Peter climbed the giddy top, and waving a white handkerchief, bade his native ſpot farewell.

Peter arrived ſafe in England, and his friend being ſhortly after appointed to the command of a frigate, the young Dane accompanied him to Portſmouth, whence they ſailed for the Weſt Indies, where Peter, upon ſeveral occaſions, diſtinguiſhed himſelf.

In courſe of time the frigate left the Weſt India ſtation, and ſailed for England; whence ſhe was ordered on a cruize againſt the Spaniards.

Her cruize proved moſt ſucceſsful, independently of the ſplendid opportunities which it afforded Peter to diſplay his valour and ſkill.

William was now promoted to a lieutenancy, and the young Dane was made maſter; but their happineſs proved, alas! of ſhort duration.

In one of their cruizes, they fell in with a French frigate, which they attacked and captured; but their ſucceſs was dearly bought; their gallant captain was mortally wounded early in the action.

Bearing his fate with that reſignation, which is alone felt by the truly virtuous, he found unſpeakable ſatisfaction in his laſt moments, from a conviction that his ſon would follow his footſteps; nor did the conduct of Peter afford him leſs delight. The moſt piercing agonies tormented his body; while the calmneſs of his mind ſhed a balmy influence on his ſufferings, and removed the dreadful ſting of death;—he experienced an enviable fate.

William and Peter would, at times, ſteal into the cabin, to behold their ſuffering father and friend; but the captain's forbidding look repulſed their affectionate anxiety, 'till at length they both haſtened to his couch, and brought him the joyous tidings of victory.

" Now,

" Now, my William, and you Peter, ſit near me, and liſten to my laſt words: Be for ever friends; providence has ordained that you ſhould be ſo. You are now alone in the world, William; and, perhaps, Peter may be ſoon in the ſame ſtate; ſtrive ye, therefore, in ſocial harmony, to paſs the cheerful, and let the gloomy hours of your life glide away in mutual ſympathy. The Almighty will bleſs your reciprocal affection, and my laſt prayers ſhall be to implore that boon from Heaven. Alas, I feel the rapid approach of death.—One thing more——take my fortune, and divide it between you——do you conſent, William?"

" Can there now be any thing in life which I more ardently wiſh, than the promotion of Peter's happineſs?" ſaid William, and bathed his dying father's hand with tears.

" Come, Peter, give me your hand; and whenever you may ſee your father, aſſure him of my laſt ſincere wiſhes for his happineſs. Remain my William's friend, and Heaven will, I ardently hope, bleſs you both!"

The captain now preſſed the hands of William and Peter to his feebly beating heart, and, ſmiling, in the laſt moments, the worthy hero expired.

William was, ſome time afterwards, removed to a line of battle ſhip, whither Peter followed him; their deſtination was the Mediterranean.

Peter had now attained his 22d year, and found himſelf enriched not only with every requiſite which conſtitutes the ſeaman, but his peruſal of Engliſh authors had ſtored him with a large portion of knowledge, and made him a proficient in the language. His excellent memory always furniſhed ample and intereſting ſubjects for converſation, which he ſupported with an uncommon degree of ſenſibility and livelineſs, yet without being himſelf the hero of the tale; while his well-known intrepidity, humanity, and good nature, ſtamped the worth of his character.

He felt himſelf eſteemed by his ſuperiors, reſpected by his inferiors, favoured by fortune, and bleſſed with the greateſt of all bleſſings—a friend; yet Peter had ſtill an object to wiſh for. He had never been in a general engagement; however, this wiſh was ſpeedily fulfilled; the ſhip in which he ſailed being ordered to join the ſquadron diſpatched in purſuit of the French fleet, on board of which Bonaparte ſailed to Egypt.

Peter took a ſhare in the ever memorable 1ſt of Auguſt, 1798; and, in the faireſt wreath of Britain's naval glory, twined a Daniſh floweret.

His valour was rewarded by a medal, the ſight of which, on all future occaſions, animated him to perſevere in ſupporting the honour of his profeſſion.

He continued in the Britiſh navy 'till towards the ſummer of 1800; when, feeling an irreſiſtible deſire to viſit his native iſland, he

he communicated his intention to William, and departed for Zealand, crowned by fortune and glory.

Not having informed his father of his intended return to his country, his ſudden appearance naturally cauſed an impreſſion on the old man, which he was ſcarcely able to ſupport. Peter, at firſt, propoſed to paſs only a ſhort time at home, but a ſtranger came and aſked admiſſion, whom the rough heroic youth could not refuſe.

A maiden, lovely in form, and beauteous in her ſmiles, innocent of heart, and bleſſed with a ſuſceptible mind, came, ſaw, and conquered the valiant Peter.

Days, weeks, and months, flew like minutes, during which time the hero was completely loſt in the lover; but, on a ſudden, Peter was himſelf again; Denmark roſe in warlike pride.

Peter beheld the glorious ſight: his heart throbbed with exultation in his patriotic boſom, and the love of his maiden yielded to the love of his country. Mary pointed to the peaceful cottage—but Dama to the ſeaman's home—the rugged ocean.

"Behold! behold, fair Mary," cried Peter, "yon majeſtic fleet approaches our happy ſhores. We are not every day called upon thus; but when we are, we ſhould be found ready and willing to defend our country."

Mary ſighed, and was ſilent; when Peter taking her by the hand tenderly ſaid,

"Grieve not, ſweet girl; let hope ſupply my abſence. We ſhall meet again!"

Old Thomas, by this time, came up to his gallant ſon, and with tearful eyes, ſaid,

"My worthy Peter, be quick; the enemy is at our door, and our country will, moſt likely, ſtand the ſhock alone. She is in need of every aſſiſtance, and woe to thoſe who are capable and not willing to ſuccour her. I am on the brink of the grave, and, in caſe you ſhould fall, ſhall not be left wretched in the world. Your ſucceſs in life will alſo provide comfort for your love! Heaven be with you!"

Peter took leave of his hoary-headed father, and his lovely Mary; and, in company with ſome other young men of the village, ſet off for Copenhagen to volunteer his ſervices.

Not having for ſome time received any intelligence from William, Peter wrote a letter to him, in which he informed him of the reſolution he had taken, and requeſted, in caſe he ſhould ſee him no more, that he would viſit his old father, who was anxious to ſee him. Peter then went on board.

The awful 2d of April, 1801, dawned, and many a hero beheld the ſun riſe for the laſt time. The oppoſite fleets prepared to open the horrid ſcene, and the flags of defiance were unfurled from the reſpective tops. At length the important moment ar-

rived; the battle raged; and valour did more than human power might have been ſuppoſed able to achieve.

Peter fought nobly, and maintained, unſullied, the fame of his former deeds.

The battle drew to a cloſe; Peter beheld the probable iſſue, and ſighed, but did not deſpair. His gallant captain bravely defended his charge, 'till all means were exhauſted; torrents of blood flowed from the decks, all the guns were diſmounted, and the veſſel was rapidly filling. All that could have been done had been done—Man can do no more.

At this moment a chance ſhot wounded Peter mortally; he was carried to the cabin, and every aſſiſtance afforded, but in vain. Peter then begged to ſee the Engliſh officer who might come on board.

As ſoon as the Engliſh came to take poſſeſſion of the ſhip, the lieutenant was requeſted to enter the cabin, where a perſon lay mortally wounded, who had deſired to ſee the Engliſh officer when he came on board.

The officer entered the cabin, when Peter, by a ſudden effort, raiſed himſelf, exclaiming,

"My William! good Heavens! that we ſhould thus again meet!"

William, agonized by ſorrow, precipitated himſelf on the boſom of his friend, unable to ſpeak.

After a pauſe of ſome minutes, William ſaid,

"Heaven will, I hope, yet reſtore you. If I loſe you, my only friend in this world is gone."

"Grieve not, William; death is enviable in defence of our king and country.

"Is there any thing you would wiſh me to do, Peter?"

"Yes; as ſoon as poſſible go to our village, ſee my father, and my fair Mary, whom I was juſt about to wed. Be their friend, I ſolemnly intreat you.

"That is a duty which I am bound to, and will faithfully diſcharge: Is there any thing elſe you wiſh me to do?"

"No;—How ſweet this death appears to me, now I have ſeen you, my dear William. Oh, how I rejoice; I have been fortunate here; may I be happy hereafter! William, my dear William, I muſt now leave you——Remember my laſt requeſt——and——pray——tell——tell my father and my Mary, how——Peter died."

Here he ſhook William's hand with a convulſive graſp, and, looking at him with affection, expired.

"William, exceſſively moved by this melancholy event, was unable to utter his feelings, otherwiſe than by tears; and, having in ſome meaſure thereby eaſed his oppreſſed heart, he left the cabin, affectionately ſurveying his departed friend, and ſorrowfully exclaiming,

"Take him all, in all, I ne'er ſhall look upon his like again."

Peter was carried to the village, when his venerable father ſurveying the lifeleſs hero, and viewing his wound, in a kind of rapture exclaimed, while tears trickled down his pallid cheek,

" Oh, that I had ſuch another ſon to give my country! Be conſoled, ſweet Mary; the Lord gave him, the Lord hath taken him away, the Lord's name be praiſed!"

Peter was attended to his grave by the whole village, and many from adjacent parts of the country; becauſe he had loved all, and was beloved by all.

William directed that a ſimple monument ſhould be erected on his grave, and he himſelf wrote an epitaph, which he cloſed with the following lines from Gray:

" No farther ſeek his merits to diſcloſe,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repoſe),
The boſom of his father, and his God."

When the general peace was concluded, William went to Peter's village, where he found old Thomas and Mary ſitting at the grave of Peter. The old man ſtarted from his ſeat, and ruſhed into the arms of William, exclaiming,

" Mary, this is your friend's friend!"

Poor Mary ſhed a tear, and ſaluted William, who informed them of his intention to paſs ſome time with them in the village, where he found more intereſt, than perhaps, the crowded city could have afforded him. Three weeks ſoon vaniſhed; and as many months inſenſibly followed.

The winter, indeed, in ſome meaſure prolonged his ſtay; but when ſpring came, when nature unfolded all her beauty, when the ſun unbound the gelid waves, and the adventurous mariner left his home and love in queſt of gold, William felt the want of inclination to depart.

He opened his heart to old Thomas, and told him of his affection for Mary.

The old man encouraged his hopes, and aſſured his aſſiſtance; but the impetuoſity of William's love did not admit of a ſtate of long ſuſpence. He perceived Mary at the grave of Peter, and begged old Thomas to repair thither immediately after him.

William approached the beauteous maid, who was buſied in ſtrewing flowers and planting a roſe on the grave of her dear Peter.

" My lovely Mary," ſaid William, tenderly taking her hand, " he was your's, and I was his friend. He requeſted me, in his laſt moments, to be your friend, and I pledged myſelf

to him. In what does friendſhip conſiſt, but in an equal participation of the pleaſures and pains of life? Think you not Peter might have meant the word friend in that ſenſe?"

"But, my good William, you appear, though I have no great ſhare of penetration, inclined to apply that meaning in an extended view, calculated, perhaps, the better to ſerve a particular purpoſe."

"Sweet maid! you have gueſſed right; can you, will you, be my friend? I ſwore, in Peter's dying moments, to be your's, and here, at this ſolemn place of reſt, I repeat my promiſe."

"My guardian is coming, dear William! I have given you my eſteem long ago; if he conſent to my giving you my hand, my heart will not refuſe to accompany the gift."

Old Thomas came up, and being previouſly acquainted with the nature of their converſation, he eaſily perceived, from their countenances, the reciprocal wiſhes of their hearts.

He then uncovered his venerable head, and imploring the bleſſings of Heaven, ſealed the bonds of friendſhip and love.

William, when married, purchaſed an eſtate in the neighbourhood, where he paſſes the remainder of his life in domeſtic happineſs.

SINGULAR ANECDOTE.

[From Carr's Travels round the Baltic.]

THE houſe, or rather cottage, in which Peter the Great reſided during the foundation of Peterſburgh, a city which is the growth of little more than a century, ſtands on the left of the emperor's bridge, in the road to the fortreſs. This little building, ſo ſacred to the Ruſſians, was covered with a brick building of arcades by the empreſs, to protect and ſupport it againſt the ravages of time. The rooms are three, all upon the ground floor, and very low: it was in this very cottage that a whimſical ſcene occurred whilſt the fortreſs was building. A Dutch ſkipper, hearing that Peterſburgh was building, and that the emperor had a great paſſion for ſhips and commerce, reſolved to try his good fortune there, and accordingly arrived with the firſt merchant veſſel that ever ſailed upon the Neva, and was the bearer of a letter of introduction to the captain of the port, from a friend of his in Holland, requeſting him to uſe his intereſt to procure a freight for him. Peter the Great was working like a common labourer in the Admiralty, when the galliot paſſed, and ſaluted with two or three ſmall guns. The emperor was uncommonly delighted, and having been informed of the Dutchman's buſineſs, he reſolved to have ſome frolic with him, and

accordingly commanded the port captain to ſee the ſkipper, as ſoon as he landed, and direct him to the emperor, as a merchant juſt ſettled there, whom he intended to perſonate; the better to carry on the joke, Peter repaired to his cottage with his empreſs, who, to humour the plan, dreſſed herſelf in a plain bourgeois habit, ſuch as ſuited the wife of a merchant. The Dutchman was introduced to the emperor, who received him with great kindneſs, and they ſat and ate bread and cheeſe, and ſmoaked together for ſome time, during which the Dutchman's eyes examined the room, and began to think that no one, who lived in ſo mean a place, could be of any ſervice to him: preſently the empreſs entered, when the ſkipper addreſſed her, by obſerving, that he had brought her a cheeſe, a much better one than ſhe had ever taſted, for which, affecting an aukward manner, ſhe thanked him. Being much pleaſed with her appearance, he took from his coat a piece of linen, and begged her acceptance of it for ſhifts. "Oh," exclaimed the emperor, taking the pipe from his mouth, "Kate, you will be as fine and as proud as an empreſs; there, you are a lucky woman, you never had ſuch ſhifts as you now have, in your life before."

At this moment Prince Menzilkoff, the favourite and miniſter of Peter the Great, who repreſented him upon matters of ſtate, entered, with all his orders, and ſtood before the emperor uncovered. The ſkipper began to ſtare with amazement, whilſt Peter, by winking and making private ſigns, induced the prince immediately to retire. The aſtoniſhed Dutchman ſaid, "Why, you appear to have great acquaintance here?" "Yes," replied Peter, "and ſo may you, if you ſtay here but ten days; there are plenty of ſuch needy noblemen as the one you ſaw; they are always in debt, and very glad to borrow money of any one, and they have even found out me; but, Sir, beware of theſe fellows, reſiſt their importunity, however flattering, and do not be dazzled by their ſtars and garters, and ſuch trumpery." This explanatory advice put the ſtranger a little more at eaſe, who drank and ſmoked on very cheerfully, and made his bargain with the imperial merchant for a cargo; juſt as he had ſettled this point to his wiſh, the officer of the guard, which had been exchanged, entered to receive his orders, and ſtood with profound reſpect uncovered; and before the prince could ſtop him, addreſſed him by the title of imperial majeſty. The Dutchman ſprang from his chair, fell on his knees before the emperor and empreſs, and implored forgiveneſs for the liberties he had taken. Peter enjoyed the ſcene, and laughing heartily, raiſed up the terrified ſuppliant, and made him kiſs the empreſs's hand; preſented him with fifteen hundred roubles, gave him a freight, and ordered that his veſſel, as long as her timbers remained together, ſhould be permitted to enter all the Ruſſian ports free of duty. This privilege made the rapid fortune of the owner. A friend

of

of mine frequently ſaw her, ſome years ſince, at Cronſtadt. On the right hand ſide of the cottage is a boat, built by the hands of Peter the Great. It reſembles a large Thames wherry, and does honour to the ſkill of the princely boat-builder. As I ſat in the carriage, waiting for ſome of my companions, I made a ſketch of the houſe, boat, a droſhka, a group of Ruſſians, and an American, who were there.

PARISIAN FASHIONS,

For JULY.

BONNETS with taffeta grounds and large ſtraw peaks are now ſeldom ſeen; though peaks continue to be worn large; but, like the grounds of the bonnets, they are made of taffeta. What characteriſes the taſte of the moment are the ſtraw treſſes, which are formed into ſtripes, *palmettes*, *roſaſſes*, and other figures, ſewed on taffetas. White is conſtantly worn. The lapis colour is very little ſeen. The roſe bloom, which is never out of favour, is now become almoſt excluſively faſhionable. Very ſmall hats are worn; and flowers are always ſeen on the tops. This faſhion takes place of the frizzled *taille*, and is much adopted in half full-dreſs and undreſs, under every ſort of hat. The ſilk-net head-dreſſes are made of very narrow ribband, and are worn by the moſt faſhionable ladies. The ſhop-women have adopted the other kind of net head-dreſſes. With the exception of grand full dreſs, which is not at preſent very common, all dreſſes are worn with round gowns. Many round gowns are ſeen with coloured embroiderings. Aprons are worn, as formerly, open behind, but ornamented from the waiſt to the heels with bows of ribbands. The ſhort ſleeves to the gowns are worn very large. Kerchiefs, croſſed over the neck and tied behind, continue faſhionable; but, ſince the warm weather, inſtead of being trimmed, they are ſingle, and croſſed over the neck only by way of form, having merely the appearance of covering the breaſts.

Linen gowns, with very ſmall round prints, of two colours, are extremely numerous. The faſhion of wearing watches round the neck is again prevalent. Combs mounted in gold, and ornamented with a row of detached pearls, are again ſeen. Theſe pearls are made of amber and of jet, or of compoſitions that reſemble them.

All that could be ſaid of fans, during a long time, was, that they were very ſmall. Without having gained any thing in height, they have conſiderably increaſed; for, in their diſplay, they now form a perfect circle: they are called ſtars, becauſe their lightly laced extremities form rays, the materials of which

are very ſhining. A ſpying-glaſs is fixed in the centre of them.

The faſhions at Paris are not congenial to the weather. The bucks conceive it elegant to wear ſilk ſtockings when it rains, and boots in fine weather. The ladies imitate the gentlemen; the greater part have worn their ſhoes with the inſtep entirely uncovered during the winter; ſince the ſummer commenced, almoſt all wear their ſhoes laced even beyond the inſtep.

Our *belles* are very fond of long trains of muſlin: a lady, aſcending a flight of ſtairs, is frequently in her bed-room, whilſt her gown is ſweeping the hall; but ſhe rejects all flounce and trimming—even the neceſſary defence of hemming it round, and if it ſhould rend by accident, or by a gentleman's ſtepping upon it, ſhe ſhews a dignified compoſure, or an affected and pretty indifference, and ſays that it will do for *her maid*.

The ornaments in furniture become every day more various. Gilding diſappeared firſt; now even bronze is proſcribed; but there is not a ſingle article of wood that is not conſtructed after a living or inanimate deſign: thus, the ſeat of a ſofa or of an arm chair, muſt repreſent the ſcabbard of an antique ſabre; the two inclining branches, forming the back, repreſent the halves of ſlackened bows; and the arms of the chairs repreſent ruined pillars, bundles of wood, and arrows. The ſame ſeverity and the ſame taſte preſide over the choice of the ſtuff that is to accompany the mahogany, Every kind of ribband or tiſſue proper to cover or edge the ſtuff is ſuppreſſed; the cabinet-maker leaves round the places where the ſtuff is, a plain band of mahogany, which forms a ribband.

The common faſhion of domeſtic utenſils, as they once came out of the hands of the manufacturer, is ſuperſeded by the preſent taſte. A table no longer reſts upon legs; it repoſes on the ſhoulders of an Atlas. The legs of a ſtool are now faſhioned into young Cupids ſquatted playfully on the ground; and a ſide-board of plate has a Mulciber in the middle, and a couple of Bacchanals to ſupport it on each ſide. The inventors of this taſte thus contend for its ingenuity:—"Is it not better," ſay they, to have the proportion and elegance of human figures introduced into our houſes in the ſhape of furniture, than large pieces of unhewn wood, without regard to ſymmetry, or any repreſentative quality whatever? A ſupporter to a table is neceſſary—why not an Atlas then, in preference to a log of mahogany, cut without ſhape or order?"

Thus is faſhion built upon what may be called the philoſophy of taſte, and the human arts and ſciences are now taking their courſe through drawing-rooms and kitchens.

Further

Further REMARKS *on* ONE-HORSE CHAISES.

To the PRINTER,

SIR,

I Was very ſorry to ſee in your Entertainer of the 5th of Auguſt, a letter ſigned Oliver Oldſtyle, in which are many extraordinary reflections on one-horſe chaiſes, coupled with certain inuendos againſt the ſurgeons, as having a perſonal intereſt and contingent property in the ſaid faſhionable vehicles. Now, Sir, although I agree with your correſpondent in all he has advanced reſpecting the dangers ariſing from theſe chaiſes, yet the inference he draws, or ſeems to draw, namely that perſons ought to be more cautious than to truſt their lives in them, appears to me to be a *non ſequitur*. I ſuſpect, indeed, that your correſpondent is one of thoſe, who hold the abſurd and exploded doctrine, that *prevention* is better (and in the preſent caſe, cheaper) than *cure*; but really, Sir, in theſe enlightened days, I did not expect to hear ſuch a doctrine gravely advanced in a reſpectable publication like your's. I would aſk who they are that hold ſuch a doctrine? Does government act upon it? Do public bodies act upon it? Do families and individuals act upon it? Then of what uſe is it?

But, Sir, the miſchief ariſing from the caution your correſpondent recommends, is the chief reaſon of my ſending you this ſhort epiſtle. He calls the breaking of limbs, and the loſs of lives a *misfortune*, a ſomething conſequently to be *avoided*; but here we are at variance. All evil is comparative, and if it can be proved that good proceeds from evil, who would not forgive the latter for the ſake of the former? Your correſpondent views one-horſe chaiſes only in one light, as contributing to fill the pockets of the ſurgeons. I take a wider range, and view them as the means of leſſening a population, which the price of all the neceſſaries of life ſhows is becoming too great for the national ſupplies. I view them, likewiſe, as tending to introduce an eaſier and more ſimple method of divorce than the legiſlature will permit to be effected in any other way, or than, in fact, can be brought about without loſs of character to one of the parties at leaſt, if not to both.

I have had very much ocular demonſtration on the ſubject. My country-houſe being ſituated half a quarter of a mile beyond the Iſlington turnpike, I have a thouſand opportunities of ſeeing in what manner one-horſe chaiſes are employed, particularly on Sundays, in diminiſhing large families, and in parting man and wife, and never ſurely were any means more happily adapted to the end. I appeal to the accounts in the newſpapers—but that is not all. The *time* is ſo happily choſen, juſt when the parties have been taking "a little pleaſure," and ſometimes "a little drink,"

drink," and in a humour, as they ſay, to defy the devil and all his works." It is then they contrive the *euthanaſia* of a one-horſe chaiſe, that rare manufacture of widows and orphans. Indeed I never ſee one of theſe machines loaded with a fat ſhop-keeper and his fatter wife, with three or four children wedged in between them, without being certain that the poor man has too large a family, and wants to get rid of ſome of his cares, in the eaſieſt and genteeleſt manner poſſible.

If theſe then are the advantages which your correſpondent complains about, I hope he will learn how little foundation his complaint has, conſidered with a view to the welfare and peace of families. In truth, the one horſe chaiſe is a remedy which may be recommended in a variety of domeſtic complaints, and I have ſeldom ſeen it taken without producing very *ſudden* effects. I never ſhall forget my old friend *Jack Eaſy*. Jack had a daſhing wife, one of the true Brighton-breed, who was ruining him as faſt as ſhe could, and would admit of no controul. He came to me one day, and after much preliminary ſighing, declared he muſt *ſtop*.—" Set up a one-horſe chaiſe," ſaid I.—He ſwore he muſt go into the *Gazette*.—" Try a chaiſe," ſaid I.—*Compound* with his *creditors*.—" A chaiſe will do it," I continued—and after ſome ſtruggle, Jack ſet up a chaiſe.—I knew he could not drive, and indeed never had a pair of reins in his hand before—but the remedy was effectual; in two months he was a *diſconſolate widower*, and a *ſolvent man*.

I am, Mr. Printer,

NIC. NEWSTYLE.

Auguſt 16, 1805.

From my Obſervatory, Iſlington.

Character of Thomas, Marquis of Wharton.

ON April 24, 1715, died Thomas, Marquis of Wharton, in the ſixty-ſeventh year of his age; a man ever endeared to the friends of liberty, and to all who have a true concern for the Proteſtant intereſt. Could the ſervices he performed for this nation and family be duly enumerated, they would appear beyond the beſt ſkill and abilities of any ſingle man. It is not poſſible to do juſtice to his ſignificancy and importance.

Charles II. admitted him to great familiarities, and had him for a companion in many of his drunken debauches, with a deſign to make him wholly his own. With regard to private virtue, the ſucceſs was notorious; in what related to the public, the court was wholly diſappointed. He ſaw and heard the deſigns of a prince, to whoſe indolence and luxury the nation was obliged for its preſervation. This gave him a juſt contempt for ſuch a governor, and an abhorrence of all his deſigns.

King William was duly ſenſible of his ſervices before and at the revolution. In that reign, he attained to no higher a ſtation, than that of being comptroller of the houſehold, which muſt be aſcribed to the unhappy influence of thoſe who hated him and his royal maſter. He received, however, the utmoſt proofs of confidence and reſpect, and had the king's moſt intimate deſigns communicated to him. His probity and good affection in what concerned the government was ſo well aſſured, that it gave him great and conſtant intereſt. Many important meaſures were aſcribed to his ſecret advice.

His great vigour and happy addreſs in ſerving the good cauſe he had ever in view, cannot be fully deſcribed. With men of all ranks, and on all proper occaſions, his labours were infinite: he knew how to accommodate himſelf to every temper and inclination; what to others would have been great pain and trouble, afforded him great pleaſure and ſatisfaction. The merit of his conduct in the country, at court, and in the ſenate, was equally admirable.

His enemies, who were only ſo on account of his public zeal and uſefulneſs, have greatly aggravated his immoralities, and loaded him with crimes from which he was wholly free. But did he not learn the rudiments of vice under their eſteemed King Charles, the moſt accompliſhed profeſſor and practitioner of all ſorts of iniquity? Have not the private lives of moſt of their leaders been equally faulty? Are they excuſable by hypocritically pretending to the name and noiſe of religion? Their profeſſed principles and behaviour, when they have power, have been oppoſite to all public virtue.

But to proceed: Lord Wharton's defects oblige us the more to admire his excellencies. In a life ſpent in a libertine manner, uſeful knowledge and learning were neglected: but an infinite fund of good ſenſe, and great natural abilities, ſupplied whatever was wanting. On every emergency he diſcerned what was proper, and was never at a loſs how to act. There was not only a readineſs and a propriety in his ſpeeches, but they were weighty and important. Nothing can be imagined more excellent than his ſkill and ſagacity in the management of a debate.

In theſe public appearances, he was greatly aſſiſted by never engaging in the ſupport of what he did not believe to have truth and juſtice on its ſide. He lived to ſee the ſucceſs of a cauſe for which he had laboured with zeal and integrity; but his enjoyment of the bleſſing of the ſucceſſion was very ſhort. A misfortune in his family is ſuppoſed to have produced the fatal event. His ſon poſſeſſed ſome of his parts and abilities, but his very different uſe and application of them are well known.

MASSACRE

MASSACRE *of* GLENCOE.

IN the reign of William the Third the Scotch clans were injurious to their own country, and their feudal tenures engendered every bad quality in the mind: but they were to be reduced eaſily into a ſtate of civilzation by gentle methods, whereas cruelty delayed the diſſolution of the ſyſtem. A day had been appointed for the ſubmiſſion of the feudal lairds or petty country ſquires: the laird of Glencoe, having done every thing in his power to that purpoſe, had returned to his glen, and ſoon after received a party of Scotch regulars, entertaining the commanding officer with the utmoſt hoſpitality for a fortnight in his houſe. To ſtrike terror into the lairds, it had been recommended to the king by the ſecretary for Scotland, to put the inhabitants of Glencoe to the ſword, and the wicked ſovereign, complying with the wicked propoſal, ſigned the barbarous order for a military execution or maſſacre of his ſubjects.

A Captain Campbell, whoſe name is enrolled on the liſts of infamy, received this order, degraded himſelf by the hoſpitality he received from a man, into whoſe breaſt he intended to plunge a dagger, and in the night of the fifteenth day of his entrance into the valley, turned his ſword upon his hoſt, and with his ruffian ſoldiers maſſacred the unarmed and defenceleſs inhabitants. This horrible cataſtrophe took place in the year 1691, and the Highlands of Scotland curſed the memory of William who gave, and the Argyle regiment which executed ſuch bloody and infamous orders.

The maſſacre of Glencoe brings to the recollection of every reader the anſwer of a brave officer, who received ſimilar orders from that cruel and cowardly ſovereign of France who joined in the maſſacre of Bartholomew, and ſhot his own ſubjects: "Your majeſty has brave ſoldiers under my command, but not one executioner!" This ſpeech ought to form part of the military inſtructions of every officer and ſoldier in the world.

AN ANECDOTE.

THE following fact was lately alluded to in the court of Chancery, by a counſel of the firſt eminence:

A Mr. B——, a Chancery ſoliciter of great practice, was one day making an obſervation to a friend with regard to the unpardonable negligence of counſel, in ſigning bills in Chancery, without examining their contents, and in the clerks of the court afterwards, with equal inattention, filing ſuch bills. He offered a wager of one hundred guineas, that he would inſert any thing he pleaſed in the body of a bill in Chancery, no matter how ridiculous,

diculous, and that it ſhould paſs the ordeal of counſel, and all the agents of the ſix clerks' office. The wager was accepted, and Mr. B. availed himſelf of the firſt opportunity he had of filing a bill, in which the probable event of delay by the diſcovery of his trick was not material.

The bill began in the uſual ſtyle—" To the Right Noble Lord Thurlow, Baron Thurlow, of Aſhfield, &c. humbly complaining, ſheweth unto your lordſhip, that your orator, Thomas Nokes, &c. being poſſeſſed of or otherwiſe entitled to in fee-ſimple, &c. (ſtating the caſe, and thus proceeding)—And your orator further ſheweth unto your lordſhip, that your orator was one evening, with the defendant and his confederates, at the Brown Bear inn, and your orator, being in a merry mood, ſung the following ſong:—

" God proſper long our noble king,"

repeating every verſe of that ancient and celebated ballad, entitled Chevy-Chace.

The bill was drawn, ſigned by counſel, fairly engroſſed on parchment, placed amongſt the records of the court, and in due time opened by the junior counſel, who, of courſe, made a full ſtop when he came to the firſt line of that memorable ditty. The muſcles of Lord Thurlow's ſaturnine viſage relaxed into a ſmile, and his lordſhip ordered the bill to be withdrawn from the files, but at the ſame time he deſired to have the poſſeſſion of it, as a memorial of a circumſtance which had afforded him infinite amuſement.

REPARTEE *of* LORD CHESTERFIELD.

SOME one obſerving to Lord Cheſterfield, that the French were a more polite people than the Engliſh, he heſitated very much: the obſerver then corroborated his opinion by adding, the Engliſh confeſs it themſelves. " Nay, then," ſaid the peer, " that confeſſion proves the Engliſh ſuperior in politeneſs."

Anſwer, by a Student in Mr. Chivers's School, St. Auſtell, to Poor Robin's Queſtion, inſerted May 20.

PER Stone's Mathematical Dictionary, the ſide of every regular hexagon, inſcribed in a circle, is equal in length to the radius of that circle; and as 1 is to 1.072, ſo is the ſquare of the ſide of any regular hexagon to the area thereof nearly. Hence the required ſide of the hexagon is $9 \div 2 = 4\frac{1}{2}$ feet, as required.

☞ A ſimilar anſwer has been received from Triangularius, at Everſhot ſchool.

Anſwer, by J. Gidley, Jun. of Dean Prior, to Corporal Ninnis's Rebus, inſerted June 24.

A FLINT's in war deſtructive found,
Deals death and deſolation round.

☞ We have received the like anſwer from W. Gard, of Gittiſham; Paul Ninnis, of Taviſtock; and W. Lawrence, of St. Agnes.

Anſwer, by S. Moore, of Horſwell Houſe, to P. Gove's Enigma, inſerted July 1.

A SPIDER will, I think, reveal
What your few lines try'd to conceal.

‖ Similar anſwers have been received from T. Adey, of Poole; Paul Ninnis, of Taviſtock; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; and J. Lake, of Exeter.

Anſwer, by I. J. of Hinton St. George, to R. Trewavas's Rebus, inſerted July 1.

FROM BEDLAM's walls Lord keep me free!
Or ſymptoms of infanity.

†*† We have received the like anſwer from S. Moore, of Horſwell Houſe; J. Woodman, jun. of North Curry; P. Ninnis, of Taviſtock; F. Arden, of South Petherton; T. Prout, of Mevagiſſey; Primroſe, of Taunton; J. Lake, of Exeter; T. Adey, of Poole; Adrianus; Corporal Ninnis, and W. Lawrence, of St. Agnes; —— Rowden, jun. of Heytesbury; W. Pollard, of Egloſhhayle; and G. England, exciſe officer near Malborough.

A CHARADE, *by G. Hann, Jun. of Stoke Abbot.*

JOIN two pronouns in order true,
'Twill bring my fragrant whole to view.

A REBUS, *by Adrianus.*

MY firſt as yet quite happy had remain'd,
Had not to Eden, Satan acceſs gain'd;
My ſecond on my firſt ſteals ev'ry day,
So quick life's fleeting moments paſs away;
Next change a letter of an uſeful grain,
Then you the needful parts will ſee quite plain;
Ye curious gents. 'tis in my whole you'll find,
The various ſpecies of the beaſtial kind.

A CHARADE, *by T. Rutger, of Clowance.*

A Precious metal, Sirs, define,
That oft in heraldry doth ſhine,
My firſt you'll then unfold;
Thro' Somerſet's fair county train,
For doubtleſs there you'll find a place
By which my next is told.
When fair Pomona o'er the plain
Beſtrews a ſweet and luſcious train,
Delighted then my whole I view,
Which you, no doubt, with eaſe will ſhew.

POETRY.

For the WEEKLY ENTERTAINER.

DELICACY.

SWEETLY refin'd ſenſation of the ſoul!
O how ſhall I thy myſtic powers explain?
Thoſe pow'rs that baſe impurity controul,
And free th' ingenuous mind from cruel pain.

Within thy ſoft, thy ever bright domain,
The rarer, tend'rer virtues love to dwell:
There innocence is found, exempt from pain,
And love his artleſs tale is heard to tell.

Mark thoſe deep bluſhes on Philander's cheek!
'Tis baſe indelicacy bids them ſpeak
The agonizing tortures he muſt feel!
O would th' impure but learn to feel the ſame,
And waken on their cheeks this honeſt ſhame,
What a delightful change o'er all their ſouls would ſteal!

Sherborne. B. AYRES.

MY MOTHER.

WHO fed me from her gentle breaſt,
And huſh'd me in her arms to reſt,
And on my cheek ſweet kiſſes preſs'd?
My mother.

When ſleep forſook my open eye,
Who was it ſung ſweet lullaby,
And rock'd me that I ſhould not cry?
My mother.

Who ſat and watch'd my infant head,
When ſleeping on my cradle bed,
And tears of ſweet affection ſhed?
My mother.

When pain and ſickneſs made me cry,
Who gaz'd upon my heavy eye,
And wept, for fear that I ſhould die?
My mother.

Who dreſs'd my doll in clothes ſo gay,
And taught me pretty how to play,
And minded all I had to ſay?
My mother.

Who ran to help me when I fell,
And would ſome pretty ſtory tell,
Or kiſs the place to make it well?
My mother.

Who taught my infant lips to pray,
To love God's holy word and day,
And walk in wiſdom's pleaſant way?
My mother.

And

And can I ever ceaſe to be,
Affectionate and kind to thee,
Who waſt ſo very kind to me?
My mother.
O! no! the thought I cannot bear,
And if God pleaſe my life to ſpare,
I hope I ſhall reward thy care,
My mother.
When thou art feeble, old, and grey,
My healthy arm ſhall be thy ſtay,
And I will ſoothe thy pains away,
My mother.
And when I ſee thee hang thy head,
'Twill be my turn to watch thy bed,
And tears of ſweet affection ſhed,
My mother.
For God, who lives above the ſkies,
Would look with vengeance in his eyes,
If I ſhould ever dare deſpiſe,
My mother.

STANZAS *on a* DISTANT VIEW *of* WALES.

EXALT, O wind! thy broad aerial wing:
Diſpel the ſlumbers of the ſouthern gales;
And o'er the ſea thy ſwelling breezes ſling,
To waft me homeward to the ſhore of Wales.

Lo! far in proſpect lies my native land,
Enrich'd with treaſures to my boſom dear,
My friends, and her who, with a mother's hand,
Suſtain'd my infant ſteps, and dried the tear.

Thoſe hills remote are lovely to the eye,
Scenes of my youthful gambols and delights,
Whence firſt I ſaw the ſun, the ſtarry ſky,
The young aurora of the northern lights.

My father's garden, grove, and orchard wild,
In ſummer robes of rich luxuriance dreſs'd,
Methought, with charms like blooming Eden ſmil'd,
Where Adam with his conſort Eve was bleſs'd.

Not fairer was the green retreat of old,
Where Amadis with Oriana dwelt;
Bright Miraflores* ! in that age of gold,
When valour at the feet of beauty knelt.

Beſide the ſpring o'er which a willow grows,
And aged oaks their ſhadowy branches wave,
In ſummer's noontide heat, be mine repoſe,
And in the midnight gloom of death, a grave!

* See Southey's admirable tranſlation of the charming, old romance, Amadis of Gaul.

THE TEAR.

HOW ſpeaking is the ſilent tear
That ſteals adown affection's cheek:
O! 'tis a language more ſincere
Than e'en ſincerity can ſpeak.
Soft words may oft the boſom move,
And feign a flame when paſſion's flown:
Give me that tender, timid love,
That ſpeaks its warmth by looks alone.